



Poetry.

AN OLD MAN'S NEW YEAR'S SONG.

I will not stir abroad to-day,
But find at home what cheer I may.
Old men like me are out of date;
Who wants to see a grizzled pate?
If silver hairs were locks of gold,
I might be as I was of old;
For then my dead would all be here,
And that would make a happy Year!

The old man now the young man then—
Are we the same or different men?
One sits at home with slippers on;
The other braves the driving snow.
His light heart suits itself with wine;
It will not warm the heart of mine.
One sees the bridal, and the pier,
And each, in his own way, the Year

Where are the friends I used to know—
Neil, Fred—not many years ago?
Whose glasses clinked mine amid the din
Of Old Year out and New Year in?
"Dead rhymes with Ned," the Master said—
Himself among the Masters dead;
Alack! and dear, and fear, and tear—
Methinks all sad words rhyme with Year!

Someone, perhaps, will care for me
When I no longer hear or see.
I hope my little man of ten,
When he shall take my place with men,
Will think about me in the grave—
If only for the gifts I gave—
And say, "If father was but here,
It would be such a happy Year!"

Peace, old man, peace! and cease this song,
Which does the merry season wrong.
You have the sweetness of regret—
The friendships you remember yet;
You have what time will not destroy—
The love of your remembering boy:
These surely are enough to cheer
The morning of the saddest Year.

R. H. STODDARD.

Selected.

CLARA.

My sister Martha, she lived with me
after our old folks died, and we did get
on dreadful well together. I'd been mar-
ried then nigh about three years, and my
Dick was just beginning to run round,
and Martha, she was a going to be mar-
ried. She was a kind of settle-down girl
always, so sober and staidlike, and she
did have the greatest knack for nursing
ever you did see.

Them wasn't the days of women doc-
tors and such like, or I calculate she'd
have gone right off to one of them col-
leges I hear tell on, and been writing M.
D. after her name with as many flourish-
es as though she knew something; but,
anyway, she did to a sight of healing
round the country, and folks thought
there wasn't no one nowhere could beat
her taking care of the sick, or laying out
the dead. How she ever came to living
Robert Gaylord, with his high-faluten
name, is more than I know; but, any-
how, they were engaged, the lay set, and
Martha had her dress made and all, when
lo and behold! at the last minute, off
goes Mr. Gaylord and marries the squire's
daughter, a young thing just from board-
ing school.

Well, you see, it was a runaway match
and the squire he was dreadful mad, and
he turned them out of doors when they
came begging his pardon, and said, "Not
one cent of my money shall you ever
touch," and he swore awful. So Robert
Gaylord and his wife they went off, and
I never set eyes on them after. But
Martha, you see, kinder took the thing
to heart, and we wasn't a bit surprised,
for she thought a sight of him. And one
day she came to me and says—

"Mary Ann, I've been thinking, and I
can't make it clear that my knack of
nursing was given me for nothing. I be-
lieve," says she, "it's the one talent the
Lord has entrusted to my care, and I
don't feel I'm doing right to bury it; and
so," says she, "I'm going away. I've
heard tell how them Sisters of Mercy do
a powerful sight of good, and I'm going
to join them."

Well, I was like one struck, and I
tried awful hard to alter her mind; but
it wasn't no use, for she was set on it.

So she went away, and was Sister An-
gelica to the world after that; but to me
she was always just Martha. I felt
dreadful bad after she went, but you see,
that year my girl was born, and what
with the baby and taking care of the
house, and looking after Dick, I hadn't
no time to be fretting; but I called my
girl after her, and that kind of comforted
me.

So time passed on, and we didn't hear
much from Martha, and you may be sure
we was much surprised, when, one day,
about three years after she left us, who
should come walking in but Martha her-
self, looking dreadful strange in her plain
black dress and big bonnet, though her
face was as fresh as ever. But land!
we were more surprised to see her hold-
ing by the hand a little girl not more
than two years old.

Well, anyway, we made her dreadful
welcome, me and my man, but we did
feel some curious to know about that
young one. But Martha, she didn't say
nothing about her, so my man and me,
we didn't say nothing about her. She
was the cunningest little thing you ever
knew, with big, black eyes, and hair all
in a curl, and just the color of them dan-
delions you see up yonder. She wasn't a
bit like Martha in the face, and didn't
look no more likely to be her child than
you do. But, anyway, the neighbors
sneered, some of them, and said, "It was
mighty fine her going to join the Sisters,"
and then they looked dreadful wise, as
though they knew a sight more than most
folks.

Well, Martha staid with me a week,
and then she says:

"Mary Ann, I'm going to Rome."

"Gracious!" said I.

"Yes," said she, and laid her hand on
the little girl's head, and said she, "the
child's name is Clara, and she was a
precious charge left me by a dying wo-
man. My holy vows won't let me stay
quietly at home, and I must go and fulfil
them. I cannot take this little one with
me, and it would grieve me to have to
put her in a public asylum. Will you
take her, Mary Ann," she said solemnly,
"and bring her up as your own, or as if
she was my child? And the dear Christ's
blessing will rest upon you, for He has
said, 'Whoso shall receive one such lit-
tle child in my name receiveth me.'"

I didn't want the young one, that's the
truth; but I loved my sister, and there
was such a light shining in her face as
she spoke, that somehow I felt kind of
awed like, and so I said:

"Yes, Martha, I will take the child,
and the Lord deal with me as I deal with
her."

So Martha went away that evening,
and it was long enough, dear knows, be-
fore I saw her again.

Well, I kept the little girl and took
real good care of her, and gave her as
good clothes as I gave my daughter
Mattie, and sent her to school when she
got big enough, and she grew as pretty
as a picture; and sometimes I used to
feel jealous when I saw how this little
stranger set off her dresses, while Mattie,
though she always looked clean and nice,
never looked pretty. But if I said a
word, Mattie would only laugh, and put
her arms around Clara, and pet her as
you would a kitten; for she was dreadful
fond of her, and not one bit envious when
folks praised Clara's beauty. Well, by
and by, I said, "Don't you think it's
time Clara left school?" for you see,
Mattie left when she was thirteen, and
here Clara was fifteen and going to school
yet. And my old man, he says—

"Yes; she's got too much learning
now, and she'll never make no sort of a
housekeeper if she don't begin to learn
that soon."

But Dick, he speaks up and says:

"Let her stay at school a while yet,
mother; she writes awful pretty now,
and reads a sight better than the par-
son."

But, said I, "No; I won't do nothing
of the sort. There isn't no one round
these parts who's got more learning than
me, and I never went to school a day af-
ter I was thirteen."

So I took Clara away from school, but
I might as well left her there for all the
good she was in the house, for she was
never into it, but everlastingly a running
off into the woods, picking "wild flow-
ers," she called them, but they wasn't
nothing more than weeds to my thinking.
Or most times, she'd have a book under
her arm, and she did do an awful sight of
reading; or maybe she'd be out on the
farm bothering my old man to know why
he did this or did that, and pestering
Dick with questions. It was enough to
make a saint swear; but Dick, though he
wasn't no saint, never swore none, but
just explained everything to her as good-
natured as could be. And when she was
in the house, it wasn't no use to set her
to work, for it seemed as though she
hadn't no head for it; for when I left her
churning, I'd find her reading when I
came to get the butter, and the milk just
the same as when I left it. And when I
scolded, and sometimes I would pretty
sharp, Mattie would say:

"Land, mother! she wasn't never made
to work." And she would go and make
the butter herself; and I never did eat
such butter as Mattie made nowhere.
It was just so in everything. Clara was
always reading, and Mattie was always
doing her work, and saying as how she
was best able to do it. And she would
take Clara's hand and lay it on hers, and
tell me to look at the difference; and
sure enough, Mattie's hand would make
two of Clara's, and left a piece over.

So they all helped to make a lady of
her, and a lady she was, and always so
sweet and ladylike you couldn't help lov-
ing her. And by and by, you see, Wil-
liam Parsons—he as keeps the store down
the street—came courting her, and Dick,
he begins to get awful shy, and didn't
have nothing to say to her no way. And
just then the war broke out, and the first
thing I knew, Dick says, "Mother, I've
enlisted."

I love my country as much as most
folks do, and maybe more; and there
wasn't no prouder heart nowhere than
mine when Lee surrendered; and though
I don't believe in women meddling in
politics, yet I wanted most dreadful bad
last election, to vote for the man who,
under God, saved our country. But, for
all that, I've never seen no darker day—
and I've seen some powerful dark ones—
than the day my boy enlisted. My old
man he says, "Dick, I'm proud of you." And
Clara's eyes were shining like stars.
But as for Mattie and me, we just set
down and cried.

Well, Dick went off, and none of us
thought the war would last more than
six months; but you know how many
sad years it was, and how many a brave
young life it took before the peace. But
Dick he wrote pretty regular, and that
was our comfort; but after the battle of
Antietam we didn't get any letters, and
by and by we saw his name down on the
list of missing.

I can't tell you how I felt that day, but
I acted most like to a crazy woman. But
Mattie, she cried, and she cried, till there
didn't seem no more tears left; but Clara
she didn't shed one tear, but looked so
white and sat so still, that we thought
she was dead.

And after that everything went wrong.
My old man he began to get poorly, and
the farm missed Dick. As to me, I lost
all spirit, though I worked on. Mattie
kept up wonderful, but Clara was just
like a dead weight. "She ain't no use

at all, Mattie," I said. "She ain't got
nothing but them big black eyes and
yellow curls of hers, and God help the
girl if my old man dies and we have to
shift for ourselves."

But I hadn't no heart to scold her, for
she did try dreadful hard to work. But
it wasn't in her, and she lost her pretty
pink cheeks, and mornings I'd find her
sleeping like the dead—she who always
used to be the first one rousing. Some-
times I thought she must set up nights
reading, for her candle was always burn-
ed out. And I used to wonder how she
had the heart to be reading and we so
worried.

Well, Dick didn't come home, and my
old man kept growing worse. I knew
there wasn't no hope, but I just shut my
eyes to it. And one day he says to me,
"Mary Ann,"—and his voice was as
strong and clear, and most like it used to
be when we were both young and he a
courting me—"Mary Ann," said he, "my
old woman, I'm going to leave you." And
he took my hand and kissed me as
though we were lovers, and so indeed we
were—and he put his feeble arm around
me and says, "Keep up your heart,
wife," for I was crying. "It's only for
a little while, you know, and by and by,
when your work is done, you'll hear the
Lord a calling you, as I hear him calling
me now. And don't you be afraid, wife,
when you hear him, but come. I'll be
waiting for you, Mary Ann, so don't be
fretting. The same Lord will be with
both of us, and he will never forget
you."

He never said no more after that, but
just went to sleep as it were, with his
eyes on my face to the last. It was
dreadful hard, and for the first time Mat-
tie lost her spirit, while I was just broke
down. The farm hadn't been paying ex-
penses for a long while back, and we was
owing the men their wages, and owing
the doctor, and I don't know who we
wasn't owing, and not one cent of money
to pay with, and no way of raising none,
except by taking a mortgage on the old
house, and I did hate awful to do it, but
there didn't seem no way of helping it,
and while Mattie and me was a talking
and a worrying as to what we should do
—for we didn't think to ask Clara—she
gets up and goes up stairs.

"And," says I, "I'm losing patience
with that girl Mattie; she's gone off, most
likely, to read now, and there's the fire
going clean out for the want of wood,
and the kettle needs filling for supper.
For people must eat and drink, be they
grieved or be they happy," says I. But
while I was talking, before Mattie had a
chance to say a word—and if she'd said
it, I know she'd only been standing up
for Clara—we heard Clara coming; and
she came up to me and says, "Mother,"
says she, "I haven't been so idle as you
thought; but in my own way I've been
doing my own work, and here's the pay
for it."

And she put in my hands a roll of bills
that was more than enough for the debts
we were owing.

"Clara," says I, "where did you get
this money, child?"

So she tells me as how she'd been sit-
ting up nights, writing stories; and as
how the editor of one of the newspapers
had been paying her for them; and she'd
laid all the money away for me. "For,"
says she, "mother, I saw, long ago, this
day coming. And now," says she, "moth-
er, I've something else to say. You know
how I was always bothering
Dick with questions, and asking him why
he did this, and why he did that; and you
remember, mother," says she, and the
tears were in her eyes,—"how patient he
always was with me. Well," says she,
"I haven't forgotten a thing he told me;
and I feel sure, if you will trust the farm
to me, I can manage it."

Well, I hadn't much faith in her knowl-
edge about farming; but Mattie, she had.
So it was settled she was to take the farm

and manage it for me. And she did.
Early and late she was about it. She
used to look dreadful pretty going round
in her big straw hat, with her curls all
flowing back from her face, and her eyes
so bright and earnest. The men minded
her wonderfully, and where did you ever
see the man who wouldn't mind a pretty
face? and they did a sight more work
for her than they ever did for my old man
or Dick. But sometimes I used to get
awful dispirited. But, Mattie, she'd say,
"Never you fear, mother. Clara will
bring us safely through yet."

And it did seem as though the Lord was
with her in her brave work, for we never
did have such a streak of luck as we had
that year. And she paid the men, and
there wasn't no bills owing, and things
wasn't never so likely as they were at
that time. But for all that, I felt dread-
ful lonely. And though Clara made life
easy for us and was cheerful and strong
like, yet I saw her many times with the
tears just ready to come in her eyes, and
she always had a wistful look, as though
she was watching for some one. And if
there came a sudden knock at the door,
she would start and turn as white as the
wall, till she saw who it was, and then
she'd seem disappointed and worn like.

Well, one evening, just before supper
time, I was sitting, thinking of Dick, and
waiting till Clara should come in to have
supper, and it did seem as though he was
awful near. I could hear the voice just
as plain as you hear mine now, and it
seemed as though I'd only to stretch out
my hand to touch him. And, while I was
feeling this, the door opened and in
walked Dick himself, looking poorly;
but I knew right off it was Dick, alive,
who had come home to me. Well, I
hadn't the strength to stir, or say one
word till he put his arms around me, and
kissed me. And, Mattie, you never did
see a girl so glad as she was. It seemed
as though she was going clear out of her
senses. And Dick told us how he'd been
wounded and taken prisoner; and how
he'd been waiting all this time to get ex-
changed. And I told him how his father
was gone; and he cried like a baby. And
by and by:—

"Mother, where's Clara?" says he, as
though he was afraid to ask.

"Clara," says I, "is out on the farm."

"She was always fond of it," says he.

"Yes," says I; "and mighty well she
was too."

And so I told him as how, after the
father died, we was dreadful pushed; and
how Clara had been setting up nights,
writing stories; and how the money she
earned had saved us from mortgaging the
house, and that, afterward, how she'd
been managing the farm, and making it
pay too; and then I told him as how ev-
ery one was speaking well of her, and
praising her; and how Farmer Brook's
son—he who was counted the finest young
man round these parts—came courting
her; and how William Parsons kept danc-
ing after her. And Dick gave a great
sigh, and says he:—

"If she won't have them, mother, it is
plain she wouldn't look at me. I've al-
ways loved the girl, and I know I always
shall, mother; but I know it's no use,
now, trying to get her. I had great deeds
in my head when I went to war; and I
thought I should have come home a cap-
tain, at least, but I've only come back a
broken down soldier. But mother," says
he, "you must not tell her that I love
her; for it might fret her to think that she
couldn't love me, when I've been loving
her so faithfully."

And just then, we both looked up; and
there stood Clara in the doorway; and
her cheeks were all pink, and her eyes
were shining; I knew right off she'd
heard what Dick had been saying. But
before I could speak a word, she had both
arms around Dick's neck; and she was
calling him a hero, and laughing and cry-
ing; and I began to laugh, but, somehow,
I found I was crying too.

Well, we took good care of Dick, you
may be sure; and he soon got well and
strong again. And Clara wasn't sorry, I
Continued on fourth page.

Arlington Advocate.

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ARLINGTON, JAN. 3, 1874.

We do not read anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable, as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve communications that are not used.

A real, live Buffalo, weighing 1600 pounds is a curiosity just now at the Spy Pond House.

POSTPONED.—On account of the storm of Sunday, the Christmas sermon at the Congregational church was postponed one week.

First Congregational (Unitarian) church. Service at 1034 A. M. The Christmas exercises of last Sunday will be repeated. Children's service at 2-2 P. M.

RUNAWAY.—A horse, attached to a sleigh, which was hitched in front of Mr. Rowe's store, on High street, Wednesday morning, started on a run, and succeeded in going as far as Brattle street before being secured. Damage slight.

DISCONTINUED.—There has been a change made in the horse car time, the first car in the morning and the last one at night having been taken off. Theater goers will have to see only a portion of the plays or devise some other means of getting home.

GREENHOUSE.—We would advise any who are in want of flowers, or anything in that line at any time to call on Wm Kennerley, who may be found at Mr. Peck's on Pleasant street. They will find a good assortment and be satisfied. See advertisement.

DANCE.—The first of a series of dances which are to be held once a fortnight through the winter by Wm. Penn Hose Co., occurred last Friday evening, Dec. 26th. The storm prevented a great many from attending, but those who did go, had a good time. Dunbar furnished the music.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Mr. John Duffy, well known in Arlington, died after a week's illness, on Tuesday of this week. He had just moved into a new house. He leaves a wife and nine children. His funeral was attended on Thursday morning by a large number of the townspeople.

BARNABEE.—Let all who wish a treat go to the Town Hall on Monday evening, Jan. 5th, and hear Barnabee, who will give his entertainment of song and story, which gives so much satisfaction where ever delivered. His personation of the "Unprotected Female," is alone worth the price of admission. He will be assisted by Mr. Howard M. Dow as accompanist.

LIBRARY.—The new library room in the Town Hall is nearly complete, and will be ready for occupancy in about a week. Books will be delivered soon after. The room is an improvement on the old one, and contains all the improvements necessary for such a room. It will no doubt be appreciated by its patrons.

ACCIDENT.—As the snow plow which is used for clearing the horse car track, was at work on Sunday the horses became unmanageable, thereby detaining a car which was following it. The horses were taken from the car and hitched to the plow; becoming frightened they broke from the plow, dragging the driver over the dasher, and falling themselves. Fortunately no one was seriously hurt.

ENTERTAINMENT.—Wednesday evening the Female Samaritan Society of the Universalist church entertained their friends in a pleasing manner. Mr. Henry Swan announced the programme, which opened with a song by Miss Minnie Wellington. "The Merriest Girl in the Village." A piano solo was next rendered by Miss Nellie Teale. A farce had been prepared, and the "Phantom Breakfast" was given with much spirit, and to the great pleasure of the audience. Augustus Fitz Mortimer was represented by Charles Russell, Mr. Deeply by G. W. Storer, Mrs. Deeply by Miss E. J. Lock, Rose by Miss

Lizzie Day and Selma Jane Symmes by Miss Annie Cutter. The entertainment closed with music by Miss Annie Marden. We understand the Society will hold a fair some time this month.

A WORD TO THE WISE IS SUFFICIENT.—Our expressmen are getting rather careless of late. There are instances where they are not so accommodating as their title (express) would imply. And more instances than one where they have received goods to be delivered as soon as possible, articles that should have been delivered the same day they received them. And they have kept them for 6 days simply because they would have to go to the further end of the town to deliver that package; one having for an excuse that he thought he might have another package to go up that way and he would carry them both along at the same time. Another said he did not know the man, although that same man has lived in town for the last twelve years and is well known all over town. Now I think if they would be a little more accommodating they would save their patrons a good deal of trouble and not do themselves any very great injury.

PRESENTATION.—Wm Penn Hose Co. have a fashion of having suppers in their house every fortnight. It was our good fortune to be present at their last one on New Year's Eve. Capt. Bacon, who, by the way, is also Major, gave his guests, of whom there were quite a number from among our prominent citizens, a generous welcome, and the edibles disappeared like snow before the sun. In due course of time order was restored, and Benj Poland Esq., was introduced. J. Winslow Peirce Esq., was present, and Mr. Poland addressed him as follows:—

My Dear Sir.—This is one of the happiest moments of my life. I have the honor, conferred on me in the name of your personal friends and fellow citizens, of presenting you with a token of their confidence, respect and profound regard for your many private virtues as well as for the impartial performance of your public trusts. Although bearing, as this small present does, the emblems of a certain order or association, it is not to be considered as coming from that or any other association, sect or party, but as a mark of respect and confidence from your fellow citizens without regard to sect or party, and it is their desire that you should receive it as such. It is hoped that this friendship may not be transitory, but as permanent and enduring as the everlasting hills. There is nothing we so highly prize as the friendship and confidence of our friends and the community, and may you look upon this gift not only for the present time, but as your guiding star to urge you on with still greater vigor in your noble acts of benevolence and charity.

From whose door
Was never turned away,
By night or day,
The worthy needy poor.
I now present you with this lovely charm,
And may it shield you from each and every harm,
While journeying thro' this world of toil and care,
Until you reach the world of bliss, and enter there.

Mr. Peirce remarked that he was very much obliged for the elegant emblem, and more so for the kindly feelings which it betokened, and which had been so finely expressed. For himself, language failed, and he could only reiterate his thanks.

The present was a massive gold masonic charm in the shape of a Maltese cross, with swords in the interstices, the pendant composed of a square and compass and skull and cross bones, on one side a key stone surrounded by emblems and on the other marks and signs peculiar to masonry. It was a very rich and handsome present, and most worthily bestowed.

Judge I. O. Carter was then called on, and said he held in his hand an article he knew nothing of, except that it came from a foreign country, and he presumed that it was imported. Whether it came by the Virginian or not, he couldn't say, but he was sure it came from Poland in behalf of Mr. Arthur Poland it was his pleasure to present a picture of a Hunneham steamer. When the company comes here and sees pictures on the walls, the pleasure of meeting is heightened, and when they are the gifts of friends they have a greater value and give more pleasure.

Capt. Bacon assured the donor and friends that they had the sincere thanks of his company.

Remarks followed by Engineer Russell, J. L. Parker, Jesse Bacon and F. A. Flint. W. H. Pattee related a flattering compliment to the company from a lady living in the vicinity. The "Merchant of Venice" responded briefly, and G. D.

Tutts, J. M. Chase and Mr. Clarke made short speeches. The company was favored with a musical entertainment by Messrs Chase and Hutchinson. The remainder of the evening was passed in an informal manner, in which song and story, cheers for their friends and visitors mingled in delightful confusion. We wish to thank Judge Carter for his friendly words, and the company for their hospitality and kind regards.

THE QUESTION OF OUR SCHOOL SYSTEM.—In our last we noticed the question of common public schools, and expressed our belief that they fell much short of the high position we have been told to expect. With the generous and in many instances lavish expenditures of money, we have been led to expect that as in many other cases, "money would buy anything." But we feel we are slightly mistaken in this estimate we are behind the times. In the days to which we refer, these "olden days" as was noticed in our first article, whatever was learned by the scholars, was well and thoroughly indoctrinated, he knew if the exercise was in grammar, way a noun was a noun, and could tell any one who asked him all about it, without any prompting catch word or key note whatever. In those days boys and girls were taught to think, practically, and to give ready responses to all questions in their several studies. Why is there at this time such an uneasiness felt in relation to our public schools, and the whole machinery of the same? Are the scholars "turned out" of these good old New England schools as good in the days when the studies pursued were much harder, if such a term can be applied to study; the writer of this well recollects his committing his Latin lesson from the real, simple pure old Latin grammar, printed in Latin, when a half dozen lines or notes in English after the style of the more modern Ainsworth, used to be to him a "god send" indeed. Then we loved our teacher, we had a reverence, a deep respect for him, for he (as was the case with many others) was a student of old Harvard, or of Bowdoin, or Dartmouth college, who taught the winter's school in many of our New England villages for the term of four, or five months at the very remunerative sum of five or six hundred dollars. Sometimes seven hundred dollars salary, but this was generally for the year. This being the case, both teacher and pupils understood their mutual responsibilities, and delinquencies requiring corporal punishment rarely occurred. In those days the unfashionable three hours in the forenoon and three hours in the afternoon, were deemed to be requisite.—Aside from the studies before mentioned—there was in those days an oversight, had, a sort of moral teaching, which was healthful, and improving, to all who came within its influences, boys and girls were then boys and girls, quiet modest, courteous, affable, and grew up very naturally into young ladies and gentlemen. We do not know but such may be said of to-day, we only say "we cannot perceive it." We find the influential press is taking up this matter, and right well pleased are we to make the following extract:

"Of late, drawing and music have been introduced into most of the public schools of the cities and larger towns of this State, and though they both are accomplishments well worth obtaining, probably neither will ever be of any practical use to a quarter of the children in after years. The same may be said of several of the other branches taught. This fact is becoming more and more recognized by the public, and there is an increasing desire, manifesting itself on all sides, to make the education of both sexes more practical, and such as will fit our children for the active duties of life."

Failing to give the great requisites of an education suited to the future active life of the masses, of the American people as they are now taught in most of the public schools, is it any surprise that the thinking portion of the people should discuss this matter to the end that a reformation may be brought about?

AN OLD SCHOOL BOY.

LEXINGTON.—There will be a lecture in the High School Room, Thursday evening January 8th, by Rev. E. G. Porter. Subject—"Historic Ruins." This is the last lecture of the course.

REYNARD.—A tame fox has taken refuge in the water trench leading from Hancock street to the farm establishment of the Hon. F. B. Hayes. It is a common red fox, and from the fact that it wears a collar, shows that it has had an owner. He takes great delight in staring at passers-by, but takes good care to

keep between them and his burrow. We understand, however, that he will shortly be translated to another sphere, if his owner does not put in a claim for him, as his proximity to neighboring henroosts makes his company anything but desirable.

CHANGE OF PROGRAMME.—Contrary to the usual arrangement, no Christmas tree was provided this year at the Hancock Congregational church, it being thought best to distribute directly among the poor of the parish, the funds usually used for the purpose of decorating the tree.

SNOW.—The open winter of which we boasted came suddenly to an end on Saturday last. Old Prob might have predicted a storm, but we were unprepared for any such "sock-doleger," as greeted us Sunday morning. Our streets were badly blocked, until the efficient corps appointed by our Highway Surveyor appeared with their sturdy teams and broke through the drifts.

PRESENTATIONS.—Mr. R. D. Blinn, for a long time attached to the Lexington Railroad as conductor, having been promoted to the position of Assistant Superintendent of the same, his many friends, wishing to show their regard to him, have made him presents of a fine clock and vases. The following correspondence explains itself:

Richard D. Blinn, Esq., Lexington, Mass.
DEAR SIR:—A short time since, a few of your friends and associates, finding you determined on changing your vocation, deposited their "mite" in a common receptacle in order to provide a token of regard for you. Knowing you have always been "on time," we venture to ask your acceptance of the accompanying clock and vases, hoping in the future they may remind you of the past, and the hearty good wishes for your welfare from your
OLD FRIENDS.

Friends and Associates:—On arriving home Saturday last I was most agreeably surprised to find that during my absence I had been the recipient of a most elegant and massive French clock and vases, accompanied by a note from my old friends, and I assure you I felt truly grateful and highly flattered by your kind attentions. I can but faintly express my feelings; accept, therefore, my sincere thanks for your many kindnesses and these mementoes, which speak of associations which have always been of the pleasantest kind. Trusting that our future relations may be equally pleasant, allow me again to express my sincere thanks for your beautiful tribute. Accept my best wishes and the sincere regards of your old friend and associate,
R. D. BLINN.

Winchester.

WATER WORKS.—We improved the opportunity a few days since, before the ground was covered with snow to visit our water works in the north part of the town. We confess to a surprise at the extent of the water shed there offered, and the large amount of water already collected there. It is only since the fifth of December that the dam has been so far completed as to keep the water within its bounds. During this period the water has covered about half a mile of the land in extent, and near the dam it is about seven feet deep, and is constantly rising. Although the work was not commenced till late in the year, yet good progress has been made in clearing up the land surrounding and lying upon the proposed water shed. We were politely shown around the premises by Mr. M. A. Herrick of the Water Board, who kindly explained to us the source from which the supply of water is expected, and the opportunity which the location afforded. With the opening of spring the work will be continued vigorously and it is hoped that ere another winter a copious supply of pure water may be gathered and coursing its way through the streets of our town.

LECTURE.—As a part of the lecture course, Wm T. Adams, Esq., familiarly known as "Oliver Optic," read last Monday evening, his new story entitled "Family Jars, or the Troubles of the Twelfth Parish." It was a story of domestic life, illustrating those discordant elements which often creep into families and societies, producing great trouble and unhappiness. The story was located in the town of Templeville, where the Rev. Mr. Meekly officiated as pastor of a religious society styled the "Twelfth Parish." At the meetings of the Ladies' Benevolent Society these jars were made apparent in the manner in which the members talked about and treated each

other. The troubles in the parish were classed under the heads of the "Grumbling Jar," the "Financial Jar," and the "Culinary Jar," as exemplified in the families of Brown, Montague and Hopkings respectively. After an interesting description of these characters and the causes which led to their difficulties, some of which were very amusing as well as truthful, they were all brought to a peaceful and harmonious settlement by the efforts of the pastor and his wife. At the anniversary of the society the pastor congratulated them on the harmonious union which had been brought about through the observance of the new commandment which Jesus gave, "That ye love one another," which was conspicuously displayed in the vestry of the church where they held their meetings, and gave that commandment anew to them as his benediction.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT.—The first of a series of Musical and Dramatic Entertainments under the auspices of the Ladies' Friendly Society came off in the vestry of the Unitarian church on Tuesday evening last, by a corps of amateur performers. The music was by Mrs. W. L. Carpenter. Mrs. W. H. Bailey, Misses Hamlin and Stone, and the singing by Mrs. Bailey and Mr. J. Frank Baxter, all of a high order. There was a pantomime representing the Miser's Supper; and a Comedietta of Man, the Good for Nothing, in which all the actors sustained their parts well.

New Publications.

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE for January contains a lavish supply of first rate articles. It is now in its fourteenth volume, and every year has increased its popularity and added new friends to its large list of admirers. Though retaining its old name, it has not the slightest connection with its former proprietor, but has for many months been the exclusive property of Mr. S. E. Shutes, its present publisher. H. V. Osborne (Tenoroon) still continues as its editor and is the only person employed in that capacity—giving to the magazine not a careless supervision, but direct personal attention in every department. The magazine is improving constantly, and is splendidly adapted to the members of the household. The present number contains three engravings and other good things in proportion. Price of magazine one dollar per year—with chromo Yosemite, one dollar and a half. Address, Wood's Household Magazine, Newburgh, N. Y.

The American Artisan, which has hitherto been a weekly publication, has changed its form to that of a monthly, and will hereafter, regularly appear as such. The publishers announce that this form will be permanent, and that it has been contemplated for a considerable time. In appearance, the magazine is a credit to American literature; the typography is excellent, and the engravings executed in the highest style of the art. The first page of cover, designed by the special artist of the American Artisan, is particularly beautiful. In the centre is a fine view of the New York and Brooklyn bridge over the East river, in which this enormous structure is represented as it will appear when completed. This is surrounded by symbolic engravings, and lettering engraved in the finest style and printed in tint, by which a most beautiful effect is secured. The literary character of the American Artisan appears to be commensurate with its typographical excellence. There is a happy blending of interesting and selected miscellany with technical matters, which if the character of the selections and original articles be maintained at their present high standard, must inevitably render this one of the most popular magazines yet published.

AGRICULTURIST.—The January number is out, the cover illustrated with a snow scene that will cause a shiver. Beside the usual farm news and suggestions, there are valuable papers on household matters. One illustrated one "About a Laundry," is interesting, and we wish the picture might illustrate an industry in this town. The number closes with a very spirited engraving of "a dubious prospect."

CALENDAR.—We present our subscribers to-day with a calendar for 1874-5 which we trust they will find both useful and ornamental.

COOL.—The coolest Christmas transaction in this city which we have heard of, is the following:—A certain person collected quite a sum of money as a gift to the pastor of one of the churches, with the understanding that it was to be presented at the annual Christmas gathering in the church. The gathering came off, but no presentation. Judge of the donors' surprise when it was ascertained that the money had been presented at a private family gathering as a gift from a few friends.—*Exchange.*

The notorious Virginias has at last solved the problem of "what shall be done with her." She lies at the bottom of the ocean off Cape Fear, where she foundered last Friday.

Married

In Arlington, Dec. 10th, by Rev. J. M. Pinotti, Michael B. Coffey, of Watertown, and Mary J. Crowley, of Lexington.
In Arlington, Dec. 10th, by Rev. D. R. Gady, Marshall O. Warren and Lucy A. Ous, both of Boston.
In West Medford, Dec. 10th, by Rev. E. L. Jagger, Jeremiah S. Russell and Mary A. Wilson, both of Arlington.
In Lexington, Dec. 25th, by Rev. E. C. Porter, John Albro of Boston (Hingham) and Helen M. Boverstock, of L. N. Ous.
In Kalamazoo, Mich., Dec. 20th, by Rev. J. A. B. Stone, D. Warren (Cambridge, Jr.) and Miss Cambridge, Mass., to Miss Louisa Taylor, of Kalamazoo.

Died

Date, name and age inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.
In Arlington, Dec. 10th, John Daily, aged 52 years.
In Arlington, Dec. 10th, Margaret, wife of John "Donnell," aged 72 years.
In Arlington, Dec. 10th, Frank H. Gady, 33 years, 10 months, 10 days.
In Lexington, Dec. 10th, Mrs. J. Patterson, of Arlington, aged 75 years, 3 months.

Special Notices

Lexington Savings Bank.
Deposits in sums of Five Cents to One Thousand Dollars will be received at this Bank, and placed upon interest at the rate of six per cent per annum. PAYMENTS MADE ON MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.
WILLIAM D. PHILLIPS, Treasurer.
Lexington, April 21st, 1872.

Arlington Savings Bank.
Interest allowed on deposits at the rate of six per cent per annum, made up and paid to the principal on the first Saturday in January and July. Deposits upon interest the first Saturday in each month. Bank open 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. on Saturdays.
ALBERT WINN, President.
December 20, 1871.

L. C. Tyler & Co.,
Dealers in

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.
Repairing Promptly Done.
Corner of Arlington Avenue and Pleasant Street, opposite Town Hall, Arlington, Mass.

GREEN-HOUSE FLOWERS.

The undersigned, formerly grower for Mr. Peck, having secured the use of his Green-House, is prepared to supply the residents of Arlington and others with choice Green-House Flowers at less than city rates.

FLORAL WORK.
of any design, for Decoration, Weddings, Parties, &c., carefully and promptly executed.
Particular attention given to orders for Funeral Flowers, Bouquets, Wreaths, Anchors, Crosses, Crowns, &c.
Flowering Baskets and Floralized Bells, Plants Potted with prepared soil.
Flowers cut fresh on receipt of order.
BEDDING PLANTS A SPECIALTY.
WM. KENNERLEY, Florist.
Pleasant Street.

Iron in the Blood

THE PERUVIAN SYRUP Vitalizes and Enriches the Blood, Tones up the System, Builds up the Broken-down, Cures Female Complaints, Dropsy, Debility, Hemorrhages, Dyspepsia, &c.
Thousands have been changed by the use of this remedy from weak, sickly, suffering creatures, to strong, healthy, and happy men and women; and who reasonably hesitate to give it a trial.
Be sure you get the right article. See what Syrup is blown in the glass.
Free. Send from SETH W. FOWLE, Proprietor, Boston, Mass. For sale by all druggists.

TALMAGE'S PURGEON.

T. De Witt Talmage is editor of *The Christian at Work*. He writes for no other paper in America. There is no other paper. For larger copies than any other paper, send for *CHRONICLES*. No other paper. One agent recently obtained 180 extra copies in eight hours, absolute work. Sample copies and circulars sent free.

ACENTS Wanted.
H. W. A. Mansfield, 102 Chambers St., New York.

NORTH END SAVINGS BANK.
No. 80 UNION STREET,
BOSTON.

This bank has never paid less than six per cent per annum, free of tax to its depositors.
All deposits made on or before the first day of any month are then placed upon interest and share in the next dividend.
Deposits as soon as declared are at once added to the account of depositors and at once begin to earn interest thus giving COMPOUND INTEREST.
ROBERT MARSH, President.
GEO. C. TRUMBULL, Treasurer.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.
50
Canton Viles, Thomas L. Jenks,
Harvey Carpenter, Daniel H. Whitney,
William Robinson, George S. Derby.

BRYANT & STRATTON SCHOOL.
BOSTON, MASS.

Commercial
COURSE OF STUDY, PREPARATORY TO BUSINESS.
The studies embraced in the plan of the School, and designed for those pupils who have acquired a good knowledge of the Elementary English Branches, are

Book-Keeping,
(BY SINGLE AND DOUBLE ENTRY.)

Commercial Arithmetic,
DESIGNED FOR PRACTICAL APPLICATION IN BUSINESS.)

Commercial Writing,
(WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO LEGIBILITY AND RAPIDITY.)

Commercial Law,
(REFLECTING ON NEGOTIABLE PAPER, CONTRACTS, PARTNERSHIPS, &c.)

all of which are especially necessary for and adapted to Commercial purposes.
Those desiring to accomplish more than the course included in the above studies may select any or all of the following studies, viz:—READING, WRITING, SPELLING, GRAMMAR AND ARITHMETIC and pursue them as associate studies or separately.
Pupils received at any time when there are vacancies. Parents desiring children educated in a useful and practical manner are invited to examine into the merits of this School.

Catalogue sent free. Communications should be addressed 551 Washington Street, at which place interviews may be had from 9 a.m. until 2 p.m. Closed Saturdays. H. C. HIBBARD, Principal.
N.B.—This School will be removed after a few weeks to its new building, now in process of completion, on Essex and Washington streets—location previous to the fire.

1840. 1874.

PAIN-KILLER,
THE GREAT
Family Medicine of the Age.
Taken Internally, it Cures

Dysentery, Cholera, Diarrhea,
Cramp and Pain in the Stomach,
Bowel Complaint, Painters' Colic,
Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion,
Stomach Suffering, Sudden Colds,
Coughs, &c., &c.

Used Externally, it Cures
Boils, Felons, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Old Sores, Sprains, Toothache, Pain in the Face, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Frosted Feet, &c., &c., &c.

PAIN-KILLER,

after a thorough trial by innumerable living witnesses, has proved itself THE MEDICINE OF THE AGE. It is an internal and external remedy, one positive proof of its efficacy is, that its sales have constantly increased, and wholly upon its own merits. The effect of the

PAIN-KILLER
upon the patient when taken internally, in case of Cold, Cough, Bowel complaint, Cholera, Dysentery and other affections of the system, has been truly wonderful, and has won for it a name among medical preparations that can never be forgotten. Its success in removing such an external remedy, as Boils, Felons, Cuts, Bruises, Sprains, Cuts, &c., is such a rare testimony, as an infallible remedy, that it will be handed down to posterity as one of the greatest medical discoveries of the nineteenth century.

THE PAIN-KILLER
derives much of its popularity from the simplicity attending its use, which gives it a peculiar value in a family. The various diseases which may be treated by it, and in their incipient stages eradicated, are among those which are peculiarly fatal if suffered to run; but the curative magic of this preparation at once disarms them of their terrors. In all respects it fulfills the conditions of a popular and true.

Be sure you call for and get the genuine Pain-Killer, as many worthless nostrums are attempted to be sold in the great reputation of this valuable medicine.
Full Directions accompany each bottle.

Price 25 cts, 50 cts, & \$1 per bottle.
SOLD BY ALL MEDICINE DEALERS. 45



HOME AGAIN!
Having rebuilt our store which was destroyed by fire in May last, are now open with an entire new stock of FIRST-CLASS

FURNITURE

Interior Decorations.

Many of our goods have been purchased at PANIC PRICES and will be sold correspondingly cheap.

Chamber Sets
at LOWER PRICES than ever before offered. A great variety of goods for HOLIDAY PRESENTS, all of which will be sold at extremely low prices.

U SHOULD read the **UNION SPEE**, a Military Drama, published by John L. Parker, Woburn, Mass., sent prepaid to any address for 15 cents.

SPLENDID
AND
USEFUL
Holiday Gifts,

At Rich's,
LEXINGTON, - - MASS.

W. N. WINN'S
Arlington & Boston
EXPRESS.

Order Boxes in Arlington, at
T. H. RUSSELL'S, Centre Depot, and L. PEIRCE & CO'S. Office in Boston, 36 Court Square; Order Boxes, 35 and 95 Faneuil Hall Market.
Leaves ARLINGTON at 9 o'clock, A.M. and BOSTON, 2 P.M.

Whitcher & Saville,
Main Street, Lexington.

GROCERIES,
Extra Teas, Coffees and Spices,
PAINTS, OILS,
AND PAINTERS' TOOLS,
Grain of all kinds, in quantity

L. D. BRADLEY,
GROCEER,

Charlestown St., } Next door to
ARLINGTON, - MASS. } Arlington House.

Agent for Fleischmann & Co.'s
COMPRESSED YEAST.

C. A. LIBBY, M. D.,
Homeopathic Physician,

ARLINGTON AVENUE, cor. WATER STREET
Recently of Malden, where he has had charge of Dr. Burpee's extensive practice during his long illness, now offers his professional services to the people of Arlington and vicinity, and hopes by due attention to his professional duties to merit and receive a share of public patronage.
REFERENCES:
I. T. Talbot, M.D., Boston; J. A. Burpee, M.D. Malden; David Thayer, M.D., Boston; J. H. Smith, M.D., Melrose; J. H. Woodbury, M.D. Boston; E. P. Colby, M.D., Wakefield.
Office hours from 7 to 9 A.M.; 1 to 2 and 6 to 8 P.M.

APPLES!

Persons wanting Winter Apples will find nice Baldwins, by the barrel, at

CAPT. GEORGE PIERCE'S,
Arlington Avenue.

H. W. HILL,
Manufacturer of
Boots and Shoes.

Women's and Misses' Boots and Shoes for sale.
REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.
ARLINGTON AVENUE, Corner Buckman Court

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT. Middlesex, ss.

To the Heirs-at-law, next of Kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of George C. Whittemore, late of Arlington, in said County, deceased.
GREETING:
WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate, by Frances C. Whittemore, who prays that letter testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, and that she may be exempt from giving a surety or sureties on her bond pursuant to said will and statute; You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the first Tuesday of January next, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same. And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the *Arlington Advocate*, printed at said Arlington, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, George M. Brooks, Judge of said Court, this sixth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three.
J. H. TYLER, Register.

JUST ARRIVED and FOR SALE.

50 Sales Eastern Hay. Warranted First Quality.
O. T. WORTHLEY, Lexington Center.

Arlington and Lexington, Attention.
Bread,
Cake,
Fancy Crackers
IN FULL ASSORTMENT.
Hot Bread every day at 4 P. M. Fresh Morning Bread. Hot Brown Bread EVERY SUNDAY MORNING.
ARLINGTON AVENUE, ARLINGTON, MASS. W. H. PATTEE.

ALONZO GODDARD, Millinery & Fancy Goods.

DEALER IN
Stoves of all Kinds,
including the Magee Portable Range.
Zinc, Sheet Lead, Lead Pipe, Galvanized Iron Pipe, Hardware, Doty's Clothes Washer, Clothes Wringers,
Kitchen Furnishing Goods, Tin, Japan, Britannia, Glass and Wooden Ware.
Special attention paid to manufacturing Milk Cans of all sizes.
MAIN STREET, EAST LEXINGTON
And near the Centre Depot, Main Street.

Watches,
Clocks,
Jewelry,
&c., &c.
GEO. W. NICHOLS,
Town Hall Building,
LEXINGTON, MASS.
Terms, Positively Cash.

HOLMES & POWERS,
Hack, Boarding, Livery & Sale Stable,
ARLINGTON HOTEL,
MAIN STREET, - - ARLINGTON, MASS.
Carriages furnished for Funerals, Weddings, Picnics, Parties, &c.
Particular attention paid to Boarding Horses.
E. C. HOLMES, C. B. POWERS



LOUIS TATRO,
Fashionable Hair Dresser & Barber,
OVER E. P. RICH'S STORE,
LEXINGTON, - MASS.

Musical Instruction
—ON THE—
PIANO-FORTE & ORGAN,
By Miss H. A. WRIGHT.
LEXINGTON, MASS.
Pupils taught at their residences in Lexington or vicinity. Particular attention paid to beginners.
Terms, - \$12.00 per Quarter.
N.B.—Two or more pupils receiving instruction at the same residence, \$10.00 per quarter, each.

WILLIAM KIMBALL,
CARRIAGE MANUFACTURER
AND HORSE SHOER,
Arlington Avenue.
Opp. Whittemore's Hotel,
ARLINGTON.
All branches of repairing done with neatness and dispatch. Particular attention paid to Horse Shoes.

L. PEIRCE & CO.,
Dealers in
Choice Family Groceries,
FLOUR, TEAS, COFFEES, SPICES, ENGLISH SAUCES, PICKLES, SAUNDRIES, OLIVE OIL, CHOICE HAXALL FLOUR, SELECT VERMONT BUTTER.
Sole Agents for
Bastine's French Yeast.
A first class article.
ARLINGTON AVE., Arlington.
Goods delivered in any part of the town or West Medford, free of expense.

BUCKMAN COURT,
NEARLY OPPOSITE THE DEPOT.
In his new quarters he will welcome his friends, whom he thanks for their many past favors, and whose patronage in the future he hopes may be continued.
HACKS furnished for Weddings and Funerals.
W. C. CURRIER.

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W. C. CURRIER.

PLEASE CALL AT THE
Misses MANNING'S ROOMS,
And examine the quality and prices of their
LATE STYLES OF
WINTER GOODS
We wish to say to those who have been disappointed, and the public also, that we are now prepared to take orders for first-class
DRESS & CLOAK MAKING.
Also, DRESS CUTTING & MACHINE STITCHING done to order at
Cor. of Arlington Ave. and Charlestown St., 6 ARLINGTON, MASS.

FOR
ALL KINDS OF PRINTING
—GO TO—
204 Main Street,
WOBBURN.

LEXINGTON
MILLINERY ROOM.

MRS. BULLOCK would call the attention of the Ladies of Lexington and vicinity, to her
NEW STOCK OF GOODS,
for the WINTER TRADE, which she has selected with the greatest care from the latest New York and Boston Styles.

and having secured the services of
Miss Freeman
(her former Milliner,) for the coming season, she feels confident of giving entire satisfaction in the finest qualities of work and latest styles. Ladies Dress Caps made to order.
Respectfully,
MRS. A. BULLOCK,
TOWN HALL BUILDING.

PRICES WAY DOWN
—AT—

RICH'S,
MAIN ST., nearly opp. Depot,
LEXINGTON, MASS.
Call and get the benefit of the
Reduction.

GIVEN AWAY!
FOR A SMALL SUM.

BRACKETS
of every description, Card and Cabinet Frames, Corner and Wall Brackets, Comb boxes, Easels, Watch Stands, Paper & Wall Racks, Pen Holders, &c., &c., &c., at

ROBER'S
Furniture Store, Arlington,
Upholstering and repairing neatly done.

NEW STABLE.
THE subscriber has REMOVED HIS HACK LIVERY and BOARDING STABLE from the stand he has occupied for 10 years on the Avenue, to the new building in

BUCKMAN COURT,
NEARLY OPPOSITE THE DEPOT.
In his new quarters he will welcome his friends, whom he thanks for their many past favors, and whose patronage in the future he hopes may be continued.
HACKS furnished for Weddings and Funerals.
W. C. CURRIER.

guess, to have him manage the farm; and she went to writing again—and she writes to this day for that same paper, if you'll believe me.

And, by and by, we began fixing things up for Dick and Clara's wedding. And just before they were going to be married just as we had settled everything and was sitting down to rest ourselves—who should come walking in but sister Martha—for I never did call her Angelica—and dreadful glad I was to see her, for I thought she must have died in them foreign parts. And I told her about my old man's death, and how Clara saved us from poverty. And, says she—

"I knew she would repay you somehow."

And then she up and told me as how Clara was the child of Robert Gaylord and the squire's daughter, and how he had treated his wife awful bad, and after a while, deserted her. You see he never did care pence for her, but thought to get the squire's money. And when he found he could not, it made him ugly to her; and he left her, poor thing! And Martha—she was always going round among the poor—she finds her starving, and she does all she could for her, but it wasn't no use; the poor girl died, blessing Martha with her last breath, and leaving her baby in her charge. And Martha she wanted the child brought up kind of home like, so she brings her to me. And says she—

"The Lord has rewarded you for your kindness." And after a minute, says she, "Mary, I found Robert Gaylord in a hospital in them foreign parts. I've been to. He was awful sick with fever, and I nursed him through it all; and he died at last in my arms. The Lord is good," she says softly, "and very pitiful." And I saw right off as how the woman's heart was still beating under the sister's gown.

Well, every one was dreadful struck when they heard who Clara was. And there wasn't no doubt about it, because sister Martha she had witnesses and all to swear all she said was true. And the old squire, who was more than eighty odd, was awful pleased; for, you see, he hadn't no other child but Clara's mother, and he made her his heiress right off.

So Clara and Dick got married, and it wasn't long after that Matty and Farmer Brook's son got married; for it seems that he had been courting Matty all the while, and not Clara, as I thought.

And sister Martha said as how she was too old to be any more use nursing, and so she settled down once more at home with me; and it does seem dreadful good to have her.

And it do seem awful strange you had not heard tell of her before, for I thought every one round these parts knew about Clara.

A WHITE LIE.

There are different colors and degrees of falsehood, just as there are different colors and degrees of other sins. There is, blackest of all, the malevolent hypocrite and slanderer, who can twist truth into falsehood, and falsehood into seeming truth. And then there is the downright liar who falsifies on purpose to deceive. There's another downright liar not quite so bad—he falsifies from a love of the marvelous, and a burning desire to appear what he is not. Some people lie because it is their disposition to deceive. Others lie because they lack the courage to tell the truth. And there are other lies—sometimes called White Lies—which are mere lies of convenience. In their utterance there is no evil intent. They are told just as a man whisks an impediment from his path with his walking stick. They are told to save trouble of explanation; or perhaps to avoid reprimand. At first a lie of this kind may not seem a very sinful thing; but, unfortunately for the misguided mortal who entertains the petty sin, it is one that does not improve upon acquaintance. Like many another evil which might be mentioned, it is likely to grow to alarming proportions and consequences. There is one safe ground—and only one—truth, absolute truth, under every circumstance and on all occasions.

Sarah Powers believed herself to be a truthful girl. She had not the disposition to wittingly deceive. Had it been plainly intimated to her that she was a liar, she would have been shocked beyond measure; and yet her rule of life in this respect was not pure and unswerving, as we shall see.

"Sarah," said Mrs. Powers, coming into the room one winter morning, where her daughter sat, "did you see anything of a five dollar bill on the mantel shelf last evening?"

Her voice and manner showed that she was unpleasantly exercised.

"A five dollar bill," repeated Sarah, with open eyes. "No."

"You didn't see anything that looked like one?"

"Like a five dollar bill? Certainly not."

"I certainly left it in the sitting room on the shelf; and I know that I set the large glass lamp down upon it, so that it should not blow away. I forgot all about it until this morning. Oh, I must not lose it."

"But, mother, five dollars is not such a large sum."

"Ordinarily, no, my child; but just now it is considerable. Your father's accounts do not balance so favorably this season as he anticipated. Do you think it could possibly have got knocked off, and blown away?"

We may as well remark just here that Sarah Powers had been speaking falsely. Falsehood was certainly not in the heart of the young and sunnyfaced girl; but her tongue had spoken it. The facts were simply these:

On the previous evening Robert Veazie had called to visit Sarah.

Robert was a clerk in the warehouse of Powers and Dunbar, and was Sarah's accepted lover. He had displayed qualities of head and heart which had recommended him to the favorable consideration of the parents, and though he was poor, yet he had business tact and energy. It was understood, however, by the careful father that there should be no formal engagement at present.

Sarah remembered that Robert had joined her on the piazza and had presented her with a bouquet, after which they had gone into the house, and sat together on the sofa and looked over an illustrated magazine. While thus occupied it had occurred to her that they could see better if the large lamp, which stood in the middle of the shelf, was moved out to the end, and she arose to do it. Upon lifting the lamp she saw a piece of paper whirl out and circle down until it was drawn into the fire of the grate directly beneath.

"What was that?" asked Robert, who had seen the whirling paper.

"I don't know, I'm sure. It's burned up, whatever it was," answered Sarah. She saw the charred, tinder-like fragments whisked up by the draft, and then she added:

"It was nothing of importance. It would not have been there if it had been."

And after this she resumed her seat.

Now Sarah remembered all this very well, but her first impulse was to avoid a disagreeable exposure, and if the bank note had been destroyed, as she now saw it must have been destroyed, it had been through no fault of hers, and, moreover, the loss could not possibly be helped.

Upon reflection, when Sarah saw how much trouble was upon her mother, she was sorry she had not confessed the whole truth at once. But it was too late now. She had taken the first false step and she could not retract without a disagreeable exposure.

"Who could have knocked it off?" she said in answer to her mother's last question, "and where could it have got blown to? I certainly saw nothing of a bank note."

Mrs. Powers searched in vain, and at noon she told her husband of the loss, then they both searched, and Mr. Powers questioned his daughter—not with the thought that she had deceived, but in hope that some forgotten incident might occur to her. But Sarah dared not confess now. She lacked the courage because she was yet to realize how very small evils can grow to enormous consequences.

Mr. Powers returned to his warehouse in a thoughtful mood. He knew that his wife must have left the bank note under the lamp upon that shelf, and that it had been there on the previous evening. She was not a woman liable to mistake in memory of such a matter. The only other person who had been in the sitting room from that time beside his daughter was Robert Veazie. Perhaps Robert might have seen the note. On arriving at the warehouse he called his clerk into the counting room.

"Robert, did you see anything of a five dollar bill on the mantel in my sitting room last evening?"

"No sir."

"You saw nothing that looked like one?"

The young man hesitated and colored. Then with a forced smile, said:

"Perhaps Sarah may have seen it."

"No. I have asked her, and she knows nothing about it. She saw nothing of the kind."

"I—I—certainly saw nothing, sir."

Mr. Powers was not at all satisfied with this answer, but he would not press the matter then. He dismissed his clerk, and sat down and reflected. And his reflections were not pleasant.

On the following day, Mr. Powers called Robert into the counting room again and bade him close the door behind him.

There was that in his employer's look and tone that caused the youth to tremble.

"Robert," said the merchant, sternly, "I gave that five dollar note to my wife. She placed it beneath the large glass lamp upon the mantel shelf in our sitting room. She did this before sitting down to tea, and forgot all about it until the following morning, and then it was gone. On that evening only you and Sarah were in the sitting room. Sarah saw nothing of it. Now what am I to think?"

"Are you sure Sarah knows nothing?" asked Robert, eagerly and excitedly.

"She declares positively that she knows nothing at all about it. I trust you would not have me believe that my daughter could—"

"No! no! no!" broke in Robert, quickly. Then he gasped and trembled.

"What more have you to say, Robert?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Nothing?"

"Nothing!"

"You can leave me."

And the young man went out, pale, bowed and stricken. The merchant saw, and was sorry. It was a grief to him deep and heartfelt. Later in the day he went out and told Robert he might go home.

"I will send for you when I want you."

"Mr. Powers!"

"What would you say, Robert?"

"Nothing!"

"Then you may go. I will send for you when I am able to see you again."

And Robert Veazie went out from the warehouse; but he dared not go home then to his widowed mother. The fear that came crushingly upon him was of Sarah. Did she love him so little that she could see him thus suffer and be silent? Was it possible that—but he dared not think. He must wait until these first overwhelming emotions were passed.

That evening Mr. Powers and his wife talked the matter over; and after long and careful deliberation it was decided that Robert Veazie should be discharged from the warehouse. They would not publicly expose this his first known crime; but they could give him their confidence never again.

And they must inform Sarah. This was the hardest part of all. They sent for her to come to them. They would have it done at once. She came in and sat down.

"My dear child," said her father, all tenderness and compassion, "we have a painful duty to perform. We must tell you of Robert's entire unworthiness."

She clasped her hands and gasped for breath. What did her father mean?

He told her the story directly and clearly of his discovery of Robert's guilt; and he told how broken and penitent the young man had appeared. This latter he added by way of showing that the crime was acknowledged.

Pale as death, and with eyes frightfully fixed, Sarah asked if Robert had not mentioned her name.

"He only asked me," said the father, "if I had spoken with you, if you could not throw some light upon the missing money. I answered him promptly that you knew nothing whatever about it. His guilt was apparent from that moment. His shame and remorse—"

"Stop! stop!" cried Sarah, starting to her feet. She stood for a little time like one frantic, with her hands clutched in her hair and her teeth set. Then she staggered forward and sank upon her knees at her father's feet.

"Oh, father, father!" she moaned,

"have mercy—have pity—upon me!"

"My child."

"No, no; lift me not up. Let me tell it all with my head here in your lap. Oh, I am a miserable, wicked girl. I did it all—I did it. Robert has suffered rather than betray me."

And when she could control her speech she told the story of the burning paper, and she tried to tell how she had been led to falsify and prevaricate.

That was not a time for chiding. Poor Sarah was like one whose heart was breaking. She had come now to think of Robert. He would despise her after this.

Mr. Powers looked at his watch. Presently he whispered to his wife, and then arose and left the house.

In half an hour he returned.

"Sarah," he said to his daughter, who sat with her head on her mother's shoulder, "Robert is in the parlor. Go and see him."

There was a fearful struggle, but the better genius conquered, and Sarah went to her injured lover.

By and by both Robert and Sarah came into the drawing room. They had been weeping freely, but they seemed very happy, nevertheless. Sarah came and knelt at her parent's feet.

"Father—mother—will you pardon and forgive as Robert has done?"

"Yes, yes, my child."

"Then I will try to deserve your confidence henceforth. Oh, I do want to be happy once more, and never, never—"

Robert caught her to his bosom and held her there; and her father came and rested his hand upon her head.

"I know it is a bitter lesson dear child; but I believe blessing will follow it. It is possible that from this time you may be happier than you have ever been."

THE U. S. SENATE.—As at present constituted, the Senate, when full, consists of seventy-four members, requiring fifty votes to make a two-thirds majority. Of this number there are forty-nine Republicans, nineteen Democrats, and five Liberals. There is one contested seat, for which Mr. Pinchback of Louisiana holds Governor's Kellogg's certificate.

At the close of the Forty-third Congress, in March, 1875, the terms of twenty-five of the present Senators will expire—namely: *Republicans*—Buckingham of Connecticut; Gilbert of Florida; Pratt of Indiana; Hamlin of Maine; Chandler of Michigan; Ramsey of Minnesota; Ames of Mississippi; Stewart of Nevada; Scott of Pennsylvania; Sprague of Rhode Island; Brownlow of Tennessee; Flanagan of Texas; Edmunds of Vermont; Lewis of Virginia; Boreman of West Virginia; and Carpenter of Wisconsin. *Liberal Republicans*, Sumner, of Massachusetts; Schurz, of Missouri; Tipton, of Nebraska; and Fenton of New York. *Democrats*—Cassidy, of California; Bayard, of Delaware; Hamilton, of Maryland; Stockton, of New Jersey; and Thurman, of Ohio; Senator Cassidy resigned his seat at the beginning of the present session. His successor, for the remainder of the term, has not been appointed.

The Senator who has been longest in continuous service is Mr. Sumner, he taking his seat in 1851. Mr. Cameron, who was a member before him, having first entered in 1845, has never served two consecutive terms. He cannot, therefore, compete with Senator Sumner in length of service, nor hardly with Mr. Chandler of Michigan, Mr. Sherman of Ohio, Mr. Anthony of Rhode Island, or Mr. Howe of Wisconsin, each of whom has entered upon his third continuous term. Among the Senators now serving in the second term are Mr. Conkling and Mr. Morton, who have, during their service in the Senate, gained the foremost rank in its councils, and shown their eminent fitness for this high public trust.

But one member of the Senate, is now in the fourth term; four are in the third, ten in the second, sixteen have just entered, and the remainder of the seventy-four members are well along in the first term. Of the new Senators, Mr. Sargent of California, Mr. Allison of Iowa, and Mr. Boutwell of Massachusetts, have had such large experience in the House of Representatives that they cannot be called new to legislative business. The Senate, is, on the whole, a very able body of men, from whom the country may reasonably expect valuable service.

Righteous souls are never cloyed with praying and speaking well of all men, with doing good unto every one by word and deed, because they study to frame themselves according to the pattern of the Father of Spirits.—*Mercurius Triumphantus.*

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